

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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## REVIEW.

"TALES OF A TRAVELLER, part first. By GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gentleman, author of *The Sketch Book, Brace-Bridge Hall, Knickerbocker's New York, &c.* Philadelphia, H. C. Carey and I. Lea, Chesnut street, 1824.

(CONCLUDED.)

"The Bold Dragoon on the adventures of my Grand Father," is entirely of the *Flemish school*, and is remarkable for nothing but its indelicacy and puerility. We shall therefore pass it over. The description of the bed-chamber is ludicrous and amusing enough, but the gambol of the chairs and tables one would expect to find in "Tales for the Nursery, or in Mother Goose's Melodies, by the side of Hey diddle, ho diddle, &c.

The company with highly, excited imaginations dispersed for the night.

"And now for the haunted chamber," said the Irish Captain, taking the candle.

"And who is to be the Hero of the night said the gentleman with the ruined head."

"That we shall see in the morning," said the gentleman with the nose. "Whoever looks pale and grizzly will have seen the ghost."

The baronet confessed that there was a haunted room, and that one of them should occupy it. Each claimed the distinction, crying I, I, I. It was to remain a secret till morning to whose lot it fell.

In fact there was a "Mysterious Picture" which haunted the imagination of the occupant of the room where it hung, and drove him to the sofa in the drawing-room for rest. It was thus that the hero of the haunted room was discovered and exposed to the ridicule of his braver, because untried, companions. The apartment was of course in a remote corner of the old mansion, dark and gloomy and loaded with antiquated furniture, lamp black portraits, and all other things by which a heated imagination, & an over-fed system would conjure up ghosts with "Plum-pudding, and be-devilled turkey stalking about in all kinds of diabolical shapes." Over the fireplace hung a picture of strange force and truth of colouring; the expression was of agony, ghastliness

and mental horror. It is this picture which makes us acquainted with the "Mysterious Stranger," and here the interest of the book begins. This and the young Italian redeem it.

The baronet relates his own youthful experience many years since. He had just left college; was of a romantic turn; went abroad; and remained some time at Venice, "that region of masks and gondolas," being smitten by a pair of black eyes which played under a mantle, to study men and manners. "Every thing chimed to his humor in this old mermaid of a city." He accidentally fell in with a young man of extremely prepossessing appearance, but of singular habits—solitary and dejected—mingling in crowds, but associating with no one. His taste for music and painting were exquisite, but he admired most, savage and solitary scenes, and the softer delineations of female beauty.

"I was drawn to him by that romantic sympathy which sometimes draws young men towards each other. His melancholy threw a charm over him in my eyes, which was no doubt heightened by the touching expression of his countenance, and the manly graces of his person; for manly beauty has effect, even upon man. Yet he never seemed disposed to avail himself of my sympathy other than by companionship. He never sought to unbosom himself to me. There appeared a settled, corroding, anguish in his bosom, that neither could be soothed by silence nor by speaking. A devouring melancholy preyed upon his heart, and seemed to be drying up the very blood in his veins."

"I reasoned with him about his melancholy, and sought to draw from him the cause—he shrunk from all complaining. I endeavored to awaken hope within him, but in vain."

"I never resumed the subject; for however much my curiosity might be aroused, I felt too true a compassion for his sufferings to increase them by my intrusion." "There was something frank, generous, unassuming, in his whole deportment. All his sentiments were lofty and noble. He claimed no indulgence, asked no toleration. He seemed content to carry his load of misery in silence, and only sought to carry it at my side. I felt this melancholy to be

infectious. It stole over my spirits, interfered with all my gay pursuits, and saddened my life."

Thus lived the two friends, in all the pleasures of sentiment, and all the delicious tenderness of melancholy. The carnival passed over, and passion week arrived, they attend a solemn service at a church, where there was touching music. The stranger discovers extraordinary emotion, his eyes raised, his face sinking on his knees, as the music expresses the dying agony, and at the words "Jesu mori," sobbing aloud. Afterwards he was calmer, his manner more subdued. "Music," said he, "is the voice of heaven," and clasping his hands with transport, "I know that my redeemer liveth."

They parted for the night, but before daylight, the stranger returned with a sealed packet, and a large parcel in his hand, dressed for travelling. He took an affectionate and solemn farewell, telling his friend that the packet contained his history and an explanation of the parcel, and must not be opened under six months, and thus we arrive at the

"ADVENTURES OF THE YOUNG ITALIAN."

This story is one of intense interest of the most tender and delicate pathos. The young Italian, born of noble parentage at Naples, was the youngest of two sons, the eldest of which was to inherit the family fortune and titles; to secure which, our hero was placed in a convent for life. Having early discovered his fine mental power, he was made the amusement of the family circle, & all his little passions fostered. But his mother died, and here the tragedy begins: having no longer the advantages of a spoiled child, and too old for a plaything, he began to experience the misery of an extremely irritable temperament. His, formal and ostentatious father, having other views never liked him; the menials treated him with neglect and indignity, and his brother with jealousy. He was a creature of extreme sensibility and susceptibility to music beyond what was common; tender, delicate and feeling, with no one whom he could approach with affection. He was to be devoted to the church. Shut up in the gloom of a cloister, among the mountains south of Vesuvius, and condemned to the exercise of



the most rigid monkish austerities, melancholy, mystery, and superstition took possession of his young, enthusiastic mind. "In this dismal way was a creature of feeling and fancy brought up. Every thing genial and amiable in my nature was repressed, and nothing brought out but what was unprofitable and ungracious. I was ardent in my temperament, quick, mercurial, impetuous, formed to be a creature of love and adoration; but a leaden hand was laid on all my finer qualities. I was taught nothing but fear and hatred." What a picture is this of that unnatural seclusion, at the age of 16 he was permitted to attend one of the brethren on a mission. He entered the Bay of Naples.

"Heavens! how transported was I when I stretched my gaze over a vast reach of delicious, sunny country, gay with groves and vineyards; with Vesuvius reaching its forked summit to my right, the blue Mediterranean on my left, with its enchanting coast, studded with shining towns and sumptuous villas, and Naples, my native Naples, gleaming far, far in the distance. Good God, was this the lovely world from which I had been excluded! I had reached the age when the sensibilities are all in their bloom and freshness. Mine had been checked and chilled. They now burst forth with the suddenness of a retarded spring. My heart hitherto unnaturally shrunk up, expanded into a variety of vague but delicious emotions. The beauty of nature intoxicated—bewildered me. All broke upon me like witchcraft."

And what a contrast! A glimpse of this happy world was sufficient. How was the narrow convent, that "tomb of the living," to confine such a spirit! He could not endure it. He fled. Arrived at his father's palace, they knew him not, cared for him not. Treated with the utmost coldness, and neglect, where he expected kindness, and overhearing a negotiation between his father and one of the monks to restore him to his prison, with a heart almost broken, but with a spirit proud and undaunted, he quitted the paternal roof—took passage in a vessel not caring whither she bent her course, and found himself in Genoa. The beauty and richness of the "Superb City," for a time pleased—delighted him. But he was friendless—alone—and his money soon expended. "Ignorant of the world and all its ways, the idea of destitution came over his mind, withering its sensibilities." He sought refuge in a church, that sanctuary of the wretched. It happened that a painter was attending to the placing a picture over the altar. The exquisite taste of our hero, one of the monks having been a painter, had been applied to this art, for the delineating of the human face and form in the agonies of death, and all the stages of decay. Bred in such a

gloomy school, it was no wonder, that the innocent, lovely, divine Madonna called forth expressions of enthusiastic delight which moved the artist, and enlisted all his feelings in behalf the young fugitive. He became his patron, and what his desolate heart most needed, his friend. It was a period of comparative bliss; all that was great, and good, and amiable, was drawn out. His genius was cultivated, and directed to suitable objects—to the beautiful and sublime in nature and art. The visionary and imaginative being was elevated to rapture. His employment was to sketch faces where some particular grace or beauty of expression was required; among those who sat to him was the beautiful Bianca, whom he thus describes.

"She stood before a casement that looked upon the bay. A stream of vernal sunshine fell upon her and shed a kind of glory round her, as it lit up the rich crimson chamber,—she was but 16 years of age, and oh! how lovely! The scene broke upon me like a mere vision of spring and youth and beauty. I could have fallen down and worshipped her. She was like one of those fictions of poets and painters, which when they would express, the *beau ideal*, haunts their minds with shapes of indefinable perfection.

The task finished, Bianca returned to her convent. This was an era in our hero's life. Bianca, the beautiful, lovely Bianca became his dream, his delirium, his prevailing idea of beauty, the image for all his pictures. He was a solitary, meditative being, much given to reverie, and apt to foster ideas which had once taken strong possession of his mind.

His patron died, leaving him his little fortune, and recommending him to the care of his own patron, a nobleman of generous character, who took him to his house and affection. Though not entirely to his taste, he attached himself to the count's own son, as the sensitive heart will cling round the nearest and dearest object.

It was not long before a relation of the count died, leaving to his care his only daughter. She arrives. Good Heaven! what was the surprise of our young enthusiast? It was Bianca herself! She was in deep mourning—time and sorrow had matured and softened the brilliancy of her beauty. Living under the same roof, with equal taste and susceptibility, the reader need not be told, that the most ardent attachment grew between them. But it had its bitterness. He was poor and could not take advantage of her confiding affection—draw her down to his own poverty,—was this requiting the hospitality of the count—the love of Bianca?"

His brother dies, and his father, rich and disconsolate, advertises his lost child. The thought of his father, infirm and suf-

fering, that lofty magnificent being, bowed down and desolate, suing to him for comfort, touched his heart to the quick, and awakened a glow of filial affection. But another feeling was predominant. It was transport. A home—a name—wealth, and above all, Bianca awaited him, Bianca too rejoiced. But it was for him. She loved *himself*, and did not doubt but his own merits would secure fame and fortune. The parting was tender, was agonizing. He hastened to Naples, and for 18 months, (so many years) watched faithfully, patiently over his dying father. A sense of duty, and a constant correspondence with Bianca, supporting him. His passion, by constant and solitary meditation wearing a deeper channel by absence. At length, the *last duty* fulfilled, and due honour paid, he embarked once more with a bounding heart for Genoa.

"And ah! what was my rapture when first I saw the shadowy summits of the Apennines rising almost like clouds above the horizon! The sweet breath of summer just moved us over the long wavering billows that were rolling us on towards Genoa. By degrees the coast of Sestri rose like a sweet enchantment from the silver bosom of the deep. I beheld the line of villages and palaces studding its borders. My eye reverted to a well-known point, and at length, from the confusion of distant objects it singled out the villa which contained Bianca. It was a mere speck in the landscape, but glimmering from afar, the *polar star* of my heart. My fond impatience increased as we neared the coast. The ship seemed to lag lazily over the billows, I could almost have sprung into the sea and swam to the shore."

He enters the garden—he sees every consecrated object. Every thing looks and breathes Bianca. He passes her bower—sees her book and gloves—he bounds along the avenue to the pavilion where they parted. He hears tones of a female voice.

"They thrilled through me with an appeal to my heart not to be mistaken. Before I could think, I *felt* they were Bianca's. For an instant I paused over-powered with agitation. I feared to break in suddenly upon her. I softly ascended the steps of the pavilion. The door was open. I saw Bianca seated at a table. Her back was towards me, she was warbling a soft melancholy air, and was occupied in drawing. A glance sufficed to shew that she was copying one of my own paintings. I gazed on her for a moment in a delicious tumult of emotions. She paused in her singing; a heavy sigh, almost a sob followed. I could no longer contain myself. Bianca! exclaimed I, in a half-smothered voice. She started at the sound; brushed back the ringlets that hung clustering about her face; darted a glance at me; uttered a piercing



shriek, and would have fallen to the earth, had I not caught her in my arms."

I will spare you, reader, the further recital. She was married! and to Filippo! The villain Filippo! It was he who had kept up the correspondence. He had persuaded the fond miserable Bianca, that her adoring lover had perished at sea, and she lived to tell him the tale.

After a moment of chaos, the tottering, distracted Ottavio rushed from the house, and meeting Filippo, in a fit of phrensy, slew him, mangled him, and fled to the mountains. His distorted, ghastly, visage, for ever haunted him, pursues him every where, and it is that, as drawn by himself, which hangs in the haunted chamber of the baronet.

M.

## MECHANICS.

### STEAM BOILERS.

MR. FOOTE:—

The suggestion of your correspondent, Dr. Locke, that the collapsing of the flues in Steam Boilers may be prevented by changing their form from cylindrical to triangular, with concave sides, is, I think, liable to three principal objections.

1st. A flue of that form will very imperfectly answer the purposes of a flue, as it will diminish the efficient fire surface. That the space through which the flame is to pass will be diminished, is very evident from an inspection of the figures; and it is further proved by the principle advanced in the note of your correspondent,—that a circle contains a greater area than any other figure bounded by the same length of line. While the area of the flue is thus diminished, the efficient fire surface is still further reduced by the three longitudinal angles in the flue. It was found by actual experiment in Mr. Rumsey's boiler, (the interior parts of which were composed of the sections of a concave sphere, joined in such a manner as to make a great many angles,) that the flame would not pass into the angles, but circulated in a cylindrical form. The flame must every where come into close contact with the iron, in order to communicate the greatest possible heat to the water. To avoid the evil of having a whole side of the triangular flue at any time exposed by the water's getting too low in the boiler, your correspondent would, I suppose, place his flue as it is represented in his figure of it, with two of the angles horizontal as a base, and the other approaching the top of the boiler. Flame will not pass closely into angles in any situation, much less will it into the two at the base of the flue; and the bottom of the flue becoming covered with ashes as it will, first the angles being filled, and the whole convexity gradually covered, without a possibility of getting the ashes out

of the angles, at least, when the flues are hot, the conducting power of more than one third of the flue is at once and continually impaired.

The second objection is, that by using a flue of this form, the quantity of water in the boiler is increased in about the same proportion that the fire surface is diminished; whereby the generation of steam is greatly retarded, and the weight of the engine augmented. This is also true on the principle of the circle's containing a greater area than any other figure bounded by the same length of line; for as the lines bounding the sides of the triangular flue would in the form of a circle contain a greater area, the cylindrical flue would of course displace a greater quantity of water.

My third objection is, that the triangular flue is more likely to collapse than the cylindrical, of which it is proposed as a substitute. To support this position, I will advance the same reason which your correspondent adduces to maintain the opposite. He seems to consider that the concave sides will act as checks one on another, and produce an effect something like the pressure on the inside of a cylinder.—The following reasons will perhaps show that this position is erroneous.

If a concave oblong plate be placed on points of rest at the edges, and a pressure applied to the concave side of the plate; it will become more curved, and if the supports at the edges be attached thereto, so as to move as the plate bends, they will approach one another, until they come nearly or quite together. Now if an equable pressure, say 100 lbs. to the square inch, be applied to all the concave sides, they will become more and more concave, and at the same time draw the angular junctions of the concave sides towards the centre of the circle which shall circumscribe these angles until a complete collapse of the sides takes place. If a hollow cylinder be pressed into an elliptical shape, and a strong internal equable pressure be applied, the ellipsis will return to the circular shape. Now I consider the concave sides of the triangular flue, with a strong external pressure, as precisely analogous to the long side of the ellipsis; and that the concavity of the sides will become greater, as the power of the steam is increased in the boiler, until they have entirely collapsed. The difference between the triangular flue and the circular, I conceive to be this, that the former will always and inevitably collapse under a high pressure, and that the latter never can, except through carelessness.

The proposition of your correspondent results no doubt from good feeling and an anxiousness to secure the safety of passengers in steam boats, and of persons attending steam engines. But like the steam proof cabins, additional safety valves and legisla-

tive penalties for using high steam engines, that have been successively proposed and called for, it tends to foster the idea already too deeply and erroneously rooted in the public mind, that in the construction of the engines now in use, there is something so defective that all are in imminent danger who approach them. The boilers used in steam boats on the Ohio are as safe as boilers can be made: and so long as the mode of generating steam by confining the water and steam in the same vessel under a strong pressure, is used, no variation in form will be attended with greater safety. I hold it as incontestibly true that no accident can happen unless through carelessness or ignorance. Where the boilers are clean, and the water in them kept above the top of the flues, unless there be an unreasonably heavy weight on the lever of the safety valve, the boilers will never burst, nor will the flues ever collapse. To prove this I appeal to the confirmation of experience on the western waters, where more is known of steam navigation than in any part of the world. Here we have at least five hundred boilers in active operation day and night for two thirds of the year, employed in propelling boats, the aggregate of whose running is at least a million of miles annually, and no accidents happen. We want no laws to ensure safety, nor will penalties be of any avail towards securing diligence and care on the part of navigators. The spirit of competition, which has brought our western navigation to its present improved and extended state, will guard the public interest with more certainty than it is in the power of laws to accomplish. And these facts prove it, against the assertions of ignorant and pragmatical editors, and show how worse than useless must be the futile restrictions proposed by empirical legislators.

J. H. J.

## ESSAYS.

### INDEPENDENCE.

As if I had borrowed mine oaths from him, and might not use them at mine own discretion.

Shakspeare.

To such a height has independence of thought and action arrived in this land of liberty, that even the slightest and most salutary restraints, are looked upon by the multitude, with the same indignation that the friendly Cloton has so well expressed in the words of our motto. "The right of thought and speech, is felt by them to be truly their own; and they cannot brook that any one should imagine they were bound to use them with the precaution of borrowed goods." So convinced, and so proud are they of this right, which has been purchased for them at so high a price, that they are often led to make use of it in the commission of actions, which reason condemns, and virtue laments over.



This impatience of control in our propensities, be they good or bad, which in the present day is thought to be the "head and front" of Independence, is, it must be allowed, widely different from that Independence for the acquisition of which, our fathers suffered and bled. That spurning of all moral restraint and obligation, which is evident in many of the intrigues of our political parties, may be considered rather as a dereliction of principle than as a manifestation of the liberty and independence of which they boast, for that liberty is profaned, which allows the individuals of a party the privilege of traducing and blackening the character of other individuals of opposite political opinions, but perhaps of unspotted fame, and it is an unmanly and unfreeman-like use of this precious right, which should call forth the indignation of all honorable minds.

In the old corrupted institutions of Europe we may look for, and expect to see, political as well as moral depravity; but in this our native country, in the bloom of her youth, and the pride of her prosperity, let us hope, let us trust, that the degenerating spirit, which has gradually worked the downfall of many states and empires, as powerful as our own, may gain no dominion over this, through the licentious and capricious will of the people. Let us be frugal in the use of our independence, so that it may wear well; and let us remember that what was won hardly, should not be held lightly; and that what was gained nobly, should be used honorably.

N.

### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

MR. FOOTE:—

I send you enclosed "Proposals for a Periodical Publication, under the title of *The Political Economist*," &c. By a Society of Gentlemen: to be published in Baltimore.

We are already much indebted to Baltimore for patriotism, talent, and enterprise; and if I am not deceived, a society of the description mentioned in this prospectus ought to be established in every large city and town in the Union; and "ascertain" (as soon as possible) "the source of existing evil" in our present institutions: whether it is to be attributed to the people, public measures, or "the law, or the administration of the law."

We have peace with all the world! and yet we are in a worse condition than if we were at war with one half of the world! There is derangement throughout our whole system. The government is pledged to provide a circulating medium. This extends now to the officers of the government of the United States, and no where else. Thus forget the sufferings of the

community, and mutually cling together: We did learn through the papers that the money machine was supplying the members of congress with a new gold coin; it reached their pockets, no doubt! But where is the national circulating medium? This society of gentlemen no doubt will not only shew to congress that there is a necessity for the existence of a circulating medium, but will unquestionably prove that none now exists: and that in order to create an adequate circulating medium, the Nation and States possess property sufficiently productive. May the people of the whole Union give a full expression of their will on this subject.

The recent measures of the friends of internal improvement should be immediately followed up by the proposed system.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1824.

FRANKLIN.

"PROPOSALS for a Periodical Publication, under the title of *THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST*, and *EMPORIUM OF STATISTICAL PHILOSOPHY*. By a Society of Gentlemen.

"The matter of this work will be devoted to the highest concerns of public utility.

"That the cultivation of a science which is so immediately essential to the stability of our government, and to the prosperous operation of our institutions, has been neglected, is the more extraordinary, when we view the expanse of inventive genius, and promptness to improve the skill of others, which has signalized our free citizens, and raised the character of this Republic. To that neglect we ascribe a state of injurious depression and general embarrassment which prevails amidst the blessings of peace, and the abundance of materials for every comfort—manifestly proving the fatal presence of some defects, or the lamentable absence of a just understanding of the proper causes of NATIONAL HAPPINESS.

The earnest exertions of this society will be employed to find the source of existing evil, and to illustrate a course of policy, which shall give activity to every interest—quicken the march of amelioration, and improve the condition of every class and grade of people. They will endeavour to engage the best talents of the nation to aid the object of their undertaking; review with candor the various theories which may appear, and test their truth by the rules of practice.

The above work will be printed on fine paper, and distributed in numbers calculated to form a volume, containing from 250 to 400 octavo pages, at \$2 50, payable in advance.

Without regard to the number of subscribers, as pecuniary profit is not the object of

the society, the first number will be issued as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. It will be continued from year to year, if deemed conducive to the public welfare.

Any person who may procure four subscribers, and remit the advances, shall receive a fifth copy gratis, or retain its equivalent in money, and so in proportion for any greater number.

All communications will be addressed, post paid, to Mr. JAMES O. DAVIS, Baltimore.

### CIRCULAR.

BALTIMORE, MAY, 1824.

SIR: I am instructed to request your cooperation in giving extension to the proposed periodical work on *POLITICAL ECONOMY*. You will perceive, that the design of its projectors obviously requires the utmost practicable circulation. The first number will contain a memorial to congress on the creation of an adequate circulating medium, to be founded upon the productive property of the nation, with a view to ascertain the actual sense of the people of the whole Union, on that important measure of public interest. The subject will be fully and fairly discussed in succeeding numbers, as well as the relations of domestic industry, the passive commerce of the states, the regulation of interchanges, and internal improvement generally, together with every matter, which may appear within the compass of a science so comprehensive as its title imports.

You will be authorized to employ agents to procure subscriptions, and collect advances, under your guaranty and responsibility, for which, in addition to the allowance of one fifth part, as stated in the proposals, you will retain a commission of ten per centum, if the whole number of your department shall exceed twenty-five subscribers. It will not be necessary to exact advances at the time of subscribing; as it will be sufficient if the amount be forwarded to meet the commencement of the work, which will be early in the month of October; but it is desired that you will report your success at your earliest convenience, in order that the society may limit their expenditures to the probable demand.

It is considered that the interior sections of the country are most concerned in the great object of this work. Communications and essays from all parts will be expected; but to secure respectful and proper notice the society must not be burthened with the charge of postage.

I am, Sir, with high respect,

Your obedient humble Servant,

JAMES OSBORNE DAVIS,

Corresponding Secretary.



## MORAL TALES.

SELECTED.

## IBRAIM.—A PERSIAN TALE.

An uninterrupted peace reigned for many years in Schiras, the capital of Farsistan, one of the most fertile provinces of Persia: the happy inhabitants enjoyed every blessing which a wise and virtuous prince could procure for his subjects. Such was Ibraim; the wisdom and prudence of whose legislation maintained the peace of his kingdom, and secured the felicity of his people. He kept a watchful eye over the conduct of his ministers, that justice might be strictly and impartially dealt to all, and encouraged every improvement in agriculture and the arts. By a just distribution of rewards, and a due infliction of punishments, security and independence had hitherto been established throughout his empire. The people were still in the heights of their prosperity, and with grateful hearts imploring blessings on their prince, by whose wisdom they had been thus raised and maintained in so flourishing a state, when news arrived, which threw them into the greatest alarm, and even threatened the safety of the empire. The haughty Tamerlane, whose victories had rendered him the terror of Asia, was approaching with a numerous and powerful army, still further to extend the boundary of his dominions, and to increase the number of his conquests by the subjugation of Schiras. Having received but too certain confirmation of their fears, Ibraim, more anxious for the security of his people than apprehensive of his own degradation, or probable loss of power, immediately assembled his council, that with them he might deliberate on the best means of averting the impending danger. Osmin, general in chief of the army, promptly decided in favor of war; he affirmed that it was in the field only they could avenge themselves, and humble the pride of the imperious Tamerlane. "There is not one amongst us, O king!" said he, "who would not willingly shed his blood for thee and thy children, his family and his country; the haughty Tamerlane shall find how difficult it is to conquer men determined to sacrifice their lives, rather than submit to the yoke of tyranny." Usbec, keeper of the royal treasures, then arose, and said, "First of all, oh, sire! I offer thee my blood, my life itself, should you determine on giving battle to the enemy as the most probable means of security to thee and to thy people; but an army so numerous, and flushed by such repeated victories, how can our people, so far inferior in numbers, and by a long peace now unfitted for war, hope to oppose with an effectual resistance? Peace appears to me far more desirable, if from the insatiable Tamerlane such terms can

be obtained as shall secure the happiness and independence of thy people; on the contrary, should his offers be derogatory to thy dignity, and subversive of the freedom of thy subjects, then seek thy safety in flight, and solicit in some distant country an asylum for thyself and treasures; we will faithfully follow thy steps, whithersoever thou mayest please to direct them. Tamerlane will not long remain in a country abandoned by its inhabitants, ambition will lead him to some new conquest; and when the storm is past, heaven in mercy to our prayers will direct our return, and permit us to re-inhabit our ancient dwellings."

Much difference of opinion arose between the two parties; some were for opposing force and intrepidity to the power of the enemy, and some for avoiding the danger by flight. Having attentively heard the sentiments of both parties, Ibraim arose. "I admire," said he, "the courage and valor of those who are ready thus bravely to risk their lives for me and for their country; and this proof of their attachment would, if it were possible, increase my affection towards them; but that affection will not permit me to hazard the safety of those I so truly value. Flight might ultimately preserve my power; but how much more would it heighten the cruel anger of Tamerlane against those who may remain, the unhappy victims of his ungovernable fury. Heaven be praised! an idea suggests itself to me, by which I hope to ensure the happiness and independence of my beloved people. You shall shortly be made acquainted with my plans; meanwhile I entreat your fervent prayers to heaven, for the success of my endeavors." The prince, having dismissed his council, immediately began collecting rich gifts of every description, and with these prepared to meet Tamerlane, with the view of obtaining security and protection for his people.

Tamerlane had ordered and established a custom in his court, that all gifts presented to him should be nine in number. Ibraim, aware of this custom, had strictly conformed to its rules. On approaching Tamerlane, he presented him with nine beautiful horses, richly caparisoned with pearls and gold; nine leopards, trained to the chase, each ornamented with curious collars of gold; nine Indian carpets, embroidered by the most skilful artizans; nine vases of gold, containing the most precious gems; with many more gifts, all equally rich, and of superior workmanship; for the last, he presented him with some slaves, but of these there were but eight. "Where is the other slave?" fiercely demanded the Tartar king. "He is at your feet," said Ibraim, prostrating himself before him, "you have not a more submissive or faithful slave than I will prove myself, and lightly will sit my chains, if by them I can obtain

safety and protection for my disconsolate people. Alas! on them alone have pity; and may you be secure from all danger. Of me, dispose as you please, I am now thine."

The naturally ferocious heart of Tamerlane became instantly changed by this proof of virtue and patriotism. Courteously raising him, he said, "Such virtue is far from meriting slavery; thou shalt be the first among my most intimate friends; I will consider thee as my brother—as my father. Return joyfully to thy people; continue to render them as happy as hitherto. Had my fate not called me to a higher and more turbulent destiny, I should have known no greater gratification than that of reigning over a small kingdom, and in every respect imitating thee."

## HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

It is related of a famous cardinal of the church of Rome, that when the people flocked about him for his benediction, he gave it in these words: *si decipi vult populus decipiatur*; if the people will be deceived, let them.

*Theodoric Archbishop of Cologne.*—This prelate was illustrious in his time for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the emperor Sigismund asked him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, sire, expect it in this world."—"Which then is the way to happiness hereafter?"—"You must act virtuously."—"What do you mean by that expression?"—"I mean," says Theodoric, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct, which you promise to do, whilst laboring under a fit of the gravel or gout."

*Christina, Queen of Sweden.*—Christina, at Inspruch, abjured publicly the Lutheran persuasion. After dinner, on that day, a comedy was acted for the entertainment of the queen. "Gentlemen," says the queen, (to those who attended her conversion, and who were persons of rank, and commissioned to divert her highness,) "it is very fair in you to amuse me this afternoon with a comedy, as I diverted you with a farce in the morning."

*Another.*—Christina being at Rome, the Pope appointed some cardinals to attend the Queen to see the statues and pictures, &c. The queen was very much and very justly delighted with a very fine marble statue of Truth, executed by Bernini. A facetious cardinal, observing her admiration of the statue, exclaimed, "I thank God that your Highness, so unlike most crowned heads, is so fond of truth."—"You'll recollect, my lord cardinal," replied the Queen, "that all truths are not made of marble."



## LITERARY ANECDOTES.

*Beccaria.*—This philosopher of humanity having, in one of the later editions of his admirable work on Crimes and Punishments, in that part which relates to fraudulent bankruptcy, qualified some sentiments which he had originally expressed, but which on reflection, appeared to himself too severe, he adds in a note, "I am ashamed of what I formerly wrote on this subject. I have been accused of irreligion without deserving it; I have been accused of disaffection to the government, and deserved it as little; I was guilty of real attack upon the rights of humanity, and I have been reproached by nobody!"

*Mr. Moore.*—Mr. Moore made his first essay as a poet under the name of Little, but finding the public voice for him, soon resumed his baptismal title, and thus like a thriving trader began with "little, but soon got more."

*Dante.*—The Duke of Verona once pointing to the buffoon, or fool, that belonged to the court, remarked to Dante, how singular it was, that such a being should attract universal regard and attention, while he, who was gifted with such transcendent abilities, should be incapable of gaining either. "Oh!" quickly rejoined Dante, "there is nothing extraordinary in that—a similitude of character is the very basis of friendship."

*Tasso.*—Pope Clement VIII. having offered a reward for the best epitaph written in honor of Tasso, the judges were assembled to decide upon the merit of the candidates. Considerable hesitation ensued, when a young man presented the following simple inscription—"Here lies Torquato Tasso." Their choice was immediately made; no encomium could be so great as the name of Tasso itself.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, ENTITLED,  
"THE BAR AND ITS LOGIC."

Those impulses which move masses of people, and produce events of great character, do not belong to law, which is merely a restraint upon evil-doers. The folly of former legislation has suffered it to trench on provinces which do not belong to it, as in its prohibitions of free trade, and its odious support of slavery. Laws purporting to be for the regulation of manufactures and trade, and the encouragement of industry, are injudicious obstacles to national prosperity. Our governors, therefore, do well to sweep away all such, and to keep laws within their proper sphere. Lawyers will oppose all this, as

Lord Eldon does, though they know nothing about it. It is enough that they imagine it to be on their own ground, which they will not see contracted. Their fathers sanctioned similar absurdities, and they were all sages. They will not meet Messrs. Robinson and Canning on the merits of the general welfare, by calculations, facts before committees of the House in evidence, or on the broad basis of the common benefit of nations, but in the spirit of a sect. They deliver their opinions *ex cathedra*, and think the world bound by them. They oppose every amelioration in the state, required by the changes of time; insist on the continuance of the penal code, that stigma on the nation and on humanity; decry free opinion on religious subjects, that they may keep in use the word *toleration* in a country where more than two thirds of the people are of the tolerated sects; and permit the unfortunate and perhaps innocent prisoner at the bar of justice to be sacrificed, because the allowing him counsel is contrary to legal precedent, though he cannot utter a word in his own defence; he may be gibetted, but customary forms of law must not be broken!

The arguments often used by legal men on public questions are specious, unintelligible, or so devoid almost of common sense, that one might suppose they could not but note the deficiency afterwards, and feel for it, were it not that the habit of saying something for a client when he has really no solid ground to stand upon in court, becomes habitual, and is adopted on weak questions out of it. They undervalue the sense of a community, which they reduce to the level of a jury-box, and suppose the aggregate understanding of an empire may be insulted and brow-beat, or wheedled and cajoled, like Gloucestershire clodhoppers.

It is much to be deplored for the lawyer's sake, and the sake of the public, that his study is so unnecessarily laborious and complex. His habits of application, directed in part to other branches of knowledge, would tend to raise him in public estimation, and materially assist in cases that require an acquaintance with arts and sciences, commerce and manners. This deficiency of lawyers in all but their immediate pursuit, is clear to every one but themselves. On the Queen's trial it was remarked that the Attorney-general was so ignorant of manners and customs, "that it seemed as if he had never read a book of travels in his life." This is not, however, so much the fault of the individual as his profession. In these days, when a portion of general knowledge is necessary to every man, the lawyer sees it further and further removed from his attainment, by the increase of statutes and cases, and the ridiculous circumvolution of law and its practice. Yet every attempt to simplify it will be met, as

it always has been, by opposition from themselves. The accumulation will go on until it fall into greater confusion than at present, or be swept away by some political hurricane. The lawyer must, therefore, more than ever resign himself to this tedious business. He must be content to live in ignorance of a thousand important things, because the die of his life is cast, and human nature cannot conquer impossibilities. Great allowance, then, must be made for the bulk of the profession, on the score of their prejudices and narrowness of feeling. The bright examples which it has offered in walks out of the profession, were purchased at a sacrifice of legal knowledge. While therefore great palliation for the lawyer is to be found in the nature of his calling, he should admit his deficiency in matters foreign to it, and not presumptuously interfere beyond "his last." He must not think himself qualified for a legislator, only because he carries the written laws into effect. To perform what is prescribed, requires far less liberal and elevated talent than those necessary in delivering the prescript. Still the ambition of the profession is proverbial, and the effort of the lawyer to rise in the world, often costs sacrifices which would be too dear for men of different habits to pay; but he has no scruples where others hesitate, and verily he has his reward!

THE CINCINNATI  
LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1824.

GEN. LA FAYETTE.

Council Chamber,  
15th September, 1824.

*Resolved,* That this Board most highly approve of the sentiments expressed in the resolutions and proceedings of a late meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati, in relation to the character of the *Nation's Guest*, GEN. LA FAYETTE, and that therefore, a committee of four, to wit: Calvin Fletcher, A. Mack, J. Sherlock and P. J. Holcomb, be, and they are hereby appointed, with powers to adopt such measures as they, in conjunction with a committee appointed by the citizens, to co-operate with the Mayor and the City Council shall deem proper for an invitation to, and reception in this city of that HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED AND EARLY FRIEND OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE AND REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

Attest—JOHN GIBSON, Jr. Clerk.

FOR THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.  
REPUBLICAN GRATITUDE.

Never was the aphorism, "Vox Populi—Vox Dei" exemplified till now. It remained for this country to give the elucidation. What have been all earthly triumphs compared to the one which is now passing



before our eyes? Alexander entered Babylon, reeking with the gore, and riding upon the necks, of a prostrate people. Caesar entered Rome, trampling upon the liberties of his country. LA FAYETTE enters America with the halo of Washington around his head, and the shouts and blessings of free millions vibrating in his heart, standing upon earth with feelings raised to heaven! Oh, what a glorious lesson to poor, weak infidelity, and what a proof to the civilized world that man has a soul, and is an emanation of the Deity. But the subject is of such magnitude that expressions fall under its weight.

Soldier! again thou comest to save thy adopted country, for hereafter when republics may tauntingly be accused of ingratitude, let America say—LA FAYETTE.  
D. D.

### LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

#### *New works announced in Great Britain.*

A life of the celebrated Law projector of the Mississippi scheme: containing a detailed account of the nature, rise, and progress of the Mississippi Joint Stock Company, with many curious anecdotes of the rage for speculating in the funds, and its disastrous consequences.

A new System of the Practice of Physic; together with an original Nosology, embracing Physiology and Morbid Anatomy. By Dr. Downing, of Sunderland.

A Practical System of Algebra, by Mr. Peter Nicholson and Mr. Rowbotham.

Letters on the Character of Poetical Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Egerton Brydges.

A volume of Poems, of which the principal is entitled the Buccanneer. By Mr. John Malcolm.

A new novel, by the author of Ringan Gilhaize, Sir Andrew Wylie, &c. entitled Rothelan, a Tale of English Histories.

A second series of the Shop book. By J. McDiarmid.

Dr. Dunlop, of Edinburgh, who has lately delivered an interesting course of Lectures on Medical Jurisprudence, is preparing for republication, Dr. T. R. Beck's (of New York,) celebrated work on that subject.

There has lately been issued from the Printing Office of the Minister of the Home

Department, in St. Petersburg, (Russia) the first volume of the Narrative of a Journey to China, in 1820 and 1821. By M. Von Fimkowsky.

### Summary.

*Washington City, Sept. 10.*

The Secretary at War returned to this city, yesterday, from his excursion to the mountains.

We understand that he was very much gratified with his visit to the summit of the Alleghany; and that there is every reason to believe there will be no deficiency of water on the summit of level for the projected National Canal. We rejoice that there is no reasonable doubt of the practicability of accomplishing this great national object; and hope the period of its commencement and completion is not far distant.

We understand that Mr. Calhoun was prevented by the indisposition of one of his children, from proceeding, as he contemplated when he left home, to Pittsburg and Lake Erie: but the information, we learn, is of a very satisfactory character, not only as to the practicability, but facility of connecting the Ohio and Lake Erie canal navigation; which, when completed, will extend an uninterrupted line of water communication from the Chesapeake to the Lakes.

*Nat. Journal.*

**American Cottons.**—Large quantities of cotton goods have been sold of late and shipped to South America. For the last year there have been great numbers of South American gentlemen among us making very heavy purchases.

**Mexico.**—The Mexican Congress have solemnly recognized ALL the Public Debts of the Mexican Government, however contracted or under whatever system.

*London dates to July 30th have been received at New-York.*

The British Traveller of the latest date, gives the following extract of a letter from Paris, dated the 27th. The writer is said to be high in the confidence of the French Administration.

"Paris, July 27.—"It is said that the present Minister will remain in office. He fully enters into the English system. The Holy alliance will not support Spain in her attack upon the colonies—thus it appears certain that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed. It is consequently expected, that a great rise will take place in funded property before the end of August."

A report was in circulation in London, on the 8th, that Lord Liverpool had resigned, and that he was to be succeeded by the Duke of Wellington.

It was rumoured in London, that the British government had resolved to accredit the Consul from Buenos Ayres and that the commercial treaty with that Republic, would appear in the official Gazette.

It is stated, in the London star, that the Mayor of Havre has published a long letter,

denying the statements that had been published as to the enthusiasm with which the Marquis de La Fayette was received, on arriving there, to embark for the U. States.

The Rev. W. Dodwell, Rector of Welby and Stoke, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, lately deceased, gave, a few weeks before his decease, the sum of £10,000 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

The Liverpool Advertiser of July 31st. says, "We are happy to hear from all parts of the country, that crops of every description are most promising and abundant. There is a prospect of a large growth of hops in Kent—the duty is estimated at about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

**Spain.**—A letter from Madrid says France has assured the King of Spain that she will insist on England's not recognizing the Independence of S. America!

We find, by a private letter from Madrid, that the Spanish Government entertains some alarm for Havana, it having been reported that the Colombian government had succeeded in organizing a conspiracy among the blacks of Cuba, and obtained a considerable party among the Spanish residents.

Col. Gordon, a faithful friend of the Greeks and one of the agents of the late loan, has been ordered by the King of England to return home.

The Greeks have given notice that they shall treat as enemies, vessels freighted by the Turks.

In the course of the last six months, not less than a dozen persons have been killed in boxing matches.

An ordinance of the Austrian police, July 21st, renews the order not to suffer any suspicious foreigner to enter the Austrian dominions, and to send beyond the frontier all those respecting whose opinions, any shall arise, or who shall be guilty of any fault whatever,

### PORTUGAL.

LONDON, July 30.—The Hardware, Captain Eboral, arrived on Monday from Lisbon sailed on the 10th inst. We understand that when the Hardware left, considerable apprehensions were entertained of another insurrection in that city, as some commotion had already taken place among the party attached to the interests of the Queen.

### WESTERN MUSEUM.

This evening Mr. Dorfeuille will deliver his first Lecture this season, on the present state of the Western Museum, and on the advantages to be derived from Museums generally.

The Subscribers will present their tickets on entering, and such as have not paid their subscription by that time, will be expected to pay the usual admission fee to the lectures, until their subscription be paid up.

The considerable expenses incurred by the Proprietor for the late arrangements in the Museum will undoubtedly justify the measures, which can, moreover, be easily obviated on the part of the delinquents, by cancelling their subscriptions prior to the 25th of this month.

Sept. 20.



## POETRY.

For the Cincinnati Literary Gazette.  
POVERTY.

I pardon the lover, that raves of the maid,  
Whose graces, tho' few, have his bosom betray'd;  
But the poet, who sings of dame Poverty's charms,  
Deserves to be chained in her merciless arms.

Behold her stern features, how livid and pale;  
Her breath is the Upas, that withers the vale;  
Her garments hang loose round her skeleton form,  
And she frowns like the demon that rides on the storm.

If, dropt thro' a cloud from the realms of the blest,  
A gem of benevolence glows in the breast—  
Let Poverty breathe on this gem of the heart,  
Alas!—it no longer its light can impart.

When touch'd by the tale of unvarnished distress,  
A hand—stretched the sufferer to bless,  
With cold empty— that purpose to blight,  
Lo—Poverty comes, like the dews of night.

If Science, her treasure attempts to display,  
Where Poverty holds her tyrannical sway,  
Her subjects are torn from the rapt'rous repast,  
To labor condemn'd, while the mind is to fast.

Tho' Genius goes forth on the pinions of light,  
With halos encircled, and brilliants bedight,  
If Poverty's vapours, around him are cast,  
The yale of obscurity hides him at last.

Avaunt! then, thou goblin; away from my path!  
I'm weary of drinking thy vials of wrath;  
Thy mists have extinguish'd the lights of my soul,  
And my spirit revolts from thy further control.

D.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

There are moments in life too delicious to last,  
When youth's freshest ardor could ask for no more,

When no thought for the future, nor dream of the past,  
Find a place in the heart, which is rapture all o'er.

'Tis when a bright feeling has stol'n o'er the mind,  
Be it friendship, or love, or religion's pure flame;  
And the idol in whom all our hopes are enshrin'd  
A kindred affection first ventures to name.

There are moments in life so with misery fraught,  
That it is not in nature to add to the store;  
When the heart, all despair, not a glimmering has caught

Nor of joy, nor of hope, or will seek for them more.

'Tis when the illusion that so sweetly played o'er us,

First flies like the mist in the morning's bright ray;

And the beautiful phantom which flitted before us,

Is gone, like a spectre, before Reason's clear day.

MYRA.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

"Years were days when here she stray'd,  
Days were moments near her;  
Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,  
Nor pity wept a dearer."

Oh! know ye who sleeps in yon cold damp grave,  
Where the Cypress and Yew so mournfully wave?  
A spirit just freed from its mortal control,  
And blessed and bright be the place of its soul.

Ah! where art thou fled, what tongue e'er shall tell,  
To those who weep for thee and lov'd thee so well?  
Oh! who on the mem'ry of brightness gone by  
Can gaze on its wreck, yet bequeath it no sigh?

All beauteous we saw thee—all boundless our love,  
As the spirits who hail thee and love thee above!  
Heart broken—compassion in silence will blend  
With the throes of affliction, the tears of a friend.

Thou hast left me, my love, left me to weep,  
In the current of grief, its waters run deep,  
'Mid the spring time of youth, its flowers all gone,  
Thou hast left me, bright image, cheerless, alone.

JUAN.

For the Cincinnati Literary Gazette.

"Let not ambition—its useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,  
Nor grandeur here, with a disdainful smile,  
The short, but simple annals of the poor."

GRAY.

Obscure, low in a humble cottage, lived  
A father, mother, and a gen'rous friend,  
Who, all their pious children had survived,  
Nor yet had come to life's uncertain end:  
Within their cot, kind nature seemed to blend  
Fair virtue, innocence, and sweet content,  
Nor suffered one vile, base, dissembling fiend,  
Disturb that humble unassuming tent;  
But wrapt in love divine their souls were heaven-ward bent.

From wordly care, from sorrow, pain and strife,  
Long had they lived in this sequestered scene,  
Devoid of all that plagues and poisons life,  
'Till age, old age, had crept along serene,  
And found them there far happier I ween,  
Thus lowly in retirements fond embrace,  
Than palaced kings in youthful hours have been,  
In open show, with all their pomp and grace,  
And every wily art that counterfeits the face.

No art had they: no mild and radiant smile  
Played on their cheek, nor dropt the chrystal tear,  
Save when their thoughts were bent on God the while,  
Save when their hearts o'erflowed with love sincere!

Save when their souls in fond affection dear,  
Gazed on the heavens with a wishful eye!  
But willing to remain or to appear,  
As it should please their gracious God on high,  
Who watched around their cot with a paternal eye,  
Oh! gracious heaven! such as these reward,  
And fondly eye them with peculiar care;

O be their friend! their guardian, and guard,  
When cruel death shall chance to wander there!  
And oh! attend to their last fervent pray'r  
When they shall leave the scene they long have viewed,  
Uphold their age amid death's livid glare,  
And when their tongues no more lisp "Great God!"

Their rising souls shall speak in tears of gratitude:  
D. L. F. H.

SELECTED.

LINES

Written by a sailor.

See how beneath the moon-beam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for a while,  
Then murmuring soft, subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea;  
And having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity.

SONNET.

AH! sweet indeed, along life's dreary road,  
With some lov'd partner, hand in hand, to stray!  
Flow'rs bloom within their path, and cloudless  
skies,  
By day, by duty and affection led,  
The allotted walk pursue—Not so with me,  
My path of duty I alone must tread;  
No kind, judicious hand shall e'er reprove  
Or guide me when I err; no voice of love  
My better hopes shall wake or animate  
My sinking zeal. But hush, 'tis Heav'n's decree!  
Let holier thoughts within my bosom rise;  
He cannot walk alone, who walks with God,  
And bless'd with Him no state is desolate.

SONNET.

Marius in Carthage.

Amid an empire's ruins, there sate one  
Upon whose arm an empire's fate had hung,  
With whose loud name the peopled earth had rung  
From side to side in triumph; and upon  
Whose laurel'd forehead, by his valor won,  
The leafy crown had flourish'd—he had flung  
His sword far from him, and mused among  
Those relics, like himself, of glory, flown.  
He marvel'd much at earthly vanities:  
And gazed upon that lofty city's pride,  
Bow'd to the dust, and trampled—turn'd his eyes  
Upon the useless weapon cast aside,  
And, with rough hand checkin' the tear-drops  
flow,  
He felt the bitter sympathy of woe.

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